S 3503
R53 M6
915
opy 1

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

A Modern Cinderella

Price, 25 Cents

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

A Modern Cinderella

A Comedy in Two Acts

By

GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

Author of "Leave it to Polly," "A Case for Sherlock Holmes," etc.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1915

PS 3503
.R53M6
1915

A Modern Cinderella

CHARACTERS

CINDERELLA O'BRIEN.

GENEVIEVE NICHOLS
MARY SMITH
ESTHER BARNES
LOUISE MONTGOMERY
EDNA GILLETT
HAZEL FISKE

Freshmen. Should be played by girls from thirteen to fifteen years old. Hazel should dress and appear somewhat older than the other freshmen. With the exception of Hazel the freshmen do not need to change their costumes for the second act.

PAULINE MITFORD
LUCILE WOODBRIDGE
AVIS COOK
DOROTHY AMES
ETHEL ATKINS
ENID NELSON

Seniors. Should be played by girls from seventeen to nineteen.

MRS. MITFORD, *the principal. Should be represented as about forty-five.*
MISS ST. EUSTIS, *her assistant. Should be represented as about thirty.*
MRS. O'BRIEN.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Room in the Mitford School for girls.
ACT II.—Room in the Silver Lake Hotel. Evening of the same day.

PLAYS ONE AND A HALF HOURS

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

FEB 26 1915
©CLD 39793

A Modern Cinderella

ACT I

SCENE.—*Room in the Mitford School. Exits,* R., L., *and* C.; *large desk at the right of stage, smaller one at the left, chairs, a table, telephone and so forth.*

(*As the curtain rises* HAZEL FISKE *sits at* L. C. *She holds a book in her lap but gives it very little attention. She glances impatiently toward the door.* GENEVIEVE NICHOLS *and* EDNA GILLETT *enter* C.)

GEN. (*speaking as she enters*). Oh, dear! I feel so insignificant! Why can't you get through a school without having to be a freshman? Oh, are you here, Hazel?

HAZEL. Yes, I'm waiting to see Mrs. Mitford. Do you know where she is?

EDNA. She ought to be in here, hadn't she?

HAZEL. Yes, a half an hour ago. I have waited and waited! Oh, girls, I have an invitation to a party. Do you suppose she will let me go?

EDNA. I don't know. What do you think, Gene?

GEN. It's doubtful. I guess she is pretty strict about letting the girls attend affairs outside the school.

HAZEL. Do you believe you could help me any, Miss Nichols? I'm simply dying to go!

GEN. I help you? I guess not! Any of the girls can help you easier than I can. The fact that I am Mrs. Mitford's niece doesn't count for anything. Pauline is her own daughter and you can ask her how much it amounts to as far as the school goes. Goodness knows Pauline has tried to get around Aunt Amy but she hasn't succeeded yet.

HAZEL. Well, if I can't go to this party I shall be sick in bed.

EDNA. How silly! We have all kinds of parties here all through the year.

HAZEL. Oh, this is different. The invitation is from a classmate of my brother's who is in town over Sunday. Oh, girls, if you could only see him !

GEN. If there is a young man in it you won't go. I can tell you that.

EDNA. I don't believe you would get out to-night anyway.

HAZEL. What is going to happen to-night ? I've heard nothing but senior nominations all the morning.

GEN. I know it. Isn't it tiresome ? Don't I hate to be a freshman !

HAZEL. But what is it ? What do they do to-night ?

GEN. For goodness' sake don't you know ?

HAZEL. As much as any freshman knows, I guess.

EDNA. None of us have a very clear idea and the most of the freshmen won't ask. If you know, Gene, tell us.

GEN. Well, you know a week from next Monday is senior election. To-night a committee of six seniors who were appointed last spring hold a meeting to nominate the officers for election. They have to choose four for president and two for other offices. All next week the seniors have a campaign and it is a lively time. To-night is supposed to be a private meeting but every year the juniors and sophomores try to get some of their class into the meeting. If any member of another class can steal the senior banner which they always have at their meeting, and get it to her class president, that class can enjoy all the privileges of the seniors for the year.

EDNA. Isn't that great ?

HAZEL. Yes, and isn't it an odd idea ?

GEN. Yes, it is. It started ten years ago, and at first the classes had terrible scraps but after one or two girls had been hurt Aunt Amy wouldn't let them go on. She said it was as bad as a college rush and anything but lady-like. So she gave them the privilege of sending to the meeting as many of their class as there were seniors on the committee.

EDNA. Did any of the girls ever get in to the meetings ?

GEN. Oh, yes, they get in every year but they never get away with the banner. The seniors are ready and put them out almost before they are in.

Enter CINDERELLA O'BRIEN, L. *She is rather small and very pretty. She wears a bungalow apron and a cap and has a duster in her hand. She crosses the stage and places some letters on the desk at* R.

HAZEL. Isn't Miss Mitford on the committee?

GEN. Pauline? Yes, she is chairman and perhaps she doesn't feel good about it!

EDNA (*glancing curiously at* CIND.). I—I thought that—that—was you.

CIND. (*laughing*). But you weren't sure in these clothes?

HAZEL (*in surprise*). Why, it's Miss O'Brien, isn't it? (*To* GEN.) You know, of our class.

GEN. Why, so it is. (*There is an awkward pause.*) You—you are helping my aunt?

CIND. Yes. My mother is the head cook and your aunt is kind enough to let me work my way through the school.

GEN. (*trying to speak naturally*). Why, isn't that nice?

CIND. It certainly is nice for me, for I couldn't go through any other way. [*Exit*, L.

HAZEL (*with a disagreeable laugh*). Well, doesn't that seem odd! I didn't know that Mrs. Mitford took charity pupils here.

GEN. I don't believe she does very often. I wanted to see Aunt Amy but I guess I won't wait.

HAZEL. Nor I any longer. I can come back again.

(HAZEL *exits* R., *followed by* EDNA *and* GEN. GEN. *looks back as* PAULINE MITFORD *enters* C. PAUL. *is pretty, very up-to-date in her dress and manners and very much pleased with herself.*)

PAUL. Oh, hello, Gene! Is mother through so soon?

GEN. (*coming back into room*). Through? She hasn't been up here at all. I think she must be with Miss Maxwell. They had some work to do together. Say, Pauline, does your mother take many charity cases?

PAUL. Charity cases? I don't understand. Kindly explain.

GEN. Why, a girl in our class was in here working a few minutes ago. She said her mother was a cook and that she was working her way through the school. I don't believe it will strike some of the girls just right. It does seem kind of odd, doesn't it?

PAUL. Well, I should say so. I never heard anything about it before. Well, if mother isn't here I shall have to go where she is. I can't wait.

(*They exeunt*, L. CIND. *enters*, R., *and begins to dust the furniture.* MRS. MITFORD *enters*, C. *She goes to desk at* R.)

MRS. M. Miss O'Brien, did you bring up the mail?

CIND. Yes'm.

MRS. M. (*walking to desk at* L.). Do you think you could straighten out some of this for me? (CIND. *goes to desk.*) Here is a card index of last year's classes. It needs to be entirely rearranged. Here is a catalogue and the registration list. Miss Maxwell is supposed to do all of this but Miss Austin has been called home and Miss Maxwell has to do all of her work. I think you might learn to do this work here. How would you like to learn to run the typewriter? You could answer all of my letters and I will have one of the maids do your other work.

CIND. That would keep me with you part of the afternoon, wouldn't it?

MRS. M. (*smiling*). Yes. Would you like that?

CIND. Better than anything in the world. I will learn anything you say.

MRS. M. Very well. Put your duster away and see what you can do with the card index.

(CIND. *exits*, L. PAUL. *enters*, R.)

PAUL. Mother, at last! I have looked everywhere for you. Where in the world have you been?

MRS. M. (*calmly*). I have been busy. What can I do for you, my dear?

PAUL. Will you chaperone our nomination party to-night?

MRS. M. (*going back to her desk and beginning to open her mail*). Are you on the committee, Pauline?

PAUL. On it? Why, mother, I am chairman. Didn't you know it?

MRS. M. I believe I did know it now I stop to think about it. I had forgotten. I have a good many things to occupy my mind, you know.

PAUL. Oh, dear! I don't believe you care a straw about my winning class honors.

MRS. M. I am glad if you are pleased, dear. Be sure you make the right kind of use of the honors. I am sorry, Pauline, that I cannot chaperone your party, but it is impossible. I think very likely Miss Maxwell will be able to go.

PAUL. (*in a whining voice*). Oh, mother!

MRS. M. Pauline! I would like you to take a guest with you if the girls don't think it would be against the rules.

PAUL. A guest? Who?

MRS. M. Miss St. Eustis.

PAUL. (*delighted*). The artist? Oh, I guess the girls will take her, rules or no rules.

MRS. M. She will be very much pleased. She telephoned about an hour ago that she would be out to spend the night with me. And now, my dear, if that was all you wanted you will have to let me look after my mail. (CIND. *enters*, L., *unnoticed by the others. She sits at desk*, L., *hidden from their view, and begins to work on the index.*) Tell your committee that I appreciate the honor of your invitation and would go if it were possible.

PAUL. (*starting to exit*, C., *comes back*). Oh, mother, I forgot to ask you. Is it true that you are letting some girl work her way through the school? The cook's daughter, I think Gene said?

MRS. M. Yes, it is true.

PAUL. But, mother, why in the world did you do it? You never did before.

(CIND. *waits eagerly for the answer.*)

MRS. M. I never happened before to see a girl who wanted the opportunity, or was worthy of it if I gave it to her.

PAUL. But, mother, this is an exclusive school.

MRS. M. Yes, altogether too exclusive!

PAUL. But what will the girls think?

MRS. M. I don't know, and to speak quite plainly I don't at all care.

PAUL. But, mother, there is such a fine set of girls who attend here and they will never be willing to associate with such a girl.

(CIND. *shows that she is hurt.*)

MRS. M. Have you seen Miss O'Brien?

PAUL. No, and I don't want to. For pity's sake, don't shove your charity object off onto me!

MRS. M. (*sternly*). Pauline! I regret more than you can ever know that you should voice such sentiments. It would please me if I thought you were one-half the girl that Miss O'Brien is. I hope to heaven that when you go away to college the four years will broaden your views and do for you what I seem to have been unable to do. It is time you learned to value a girl beyond her clothes and the social distinction of her family.

PAUL. (*aghast*). Mother!

(CIND. *wipes some tears from her eyes and goes resolutely to work.* LOUISE MONTGOMERY *comes to door,* C.)

MRS. M. You wish to see me, Miss Montgomery?

LOU. (*entering*). Yeth'm, but I'm noth in any hurry. That ith, I'm in a hurry, buth I can wait jeth well ath not.

MRS. M. (*ignoring* PAUL.). No need of waiting at all. What can I do for you? [*Exit* PAUL., R.

LOU. Oh, Mrs. Mithford, I'm havin' theth a time! All my life I have been tho forgethful, and I can't theem to help it. (*Drops her green bag on a chair as she walks toward the desk.*) You know the rule abouth leavin' things around? Well, honeth, Mrs. Mithford, half the things I brougth with me are lockth up. (*Drops a book on the desk as she talks.*) To-day theems to be a little worth than the reth. I left my lathin on my desk, my althebra in the library, my hithtory in the thitting-room and I don't thee how I am goin' to geth a letthon for to-morrow. Then I left my thweater in the gym and my coat in the dinin'-hall an' I haven' anythin' left but my evenin' cape. Whath in the world am I goin' to do?

MRS. M. (*laughing a little*). And they are all locked up? Well, you are a hopeless case! If they were all trifles you would have to go without them, but I don't see how you are going to get along without the necessities of life. (*Writes on a card and hands it to* LOU.) There, give that to Miss Maxwell and she will give you your coat and books. The other things you have lost you will have to wait for.

LOU. Oh, thank you. You are tho kind! (*Starts to exit.*)

MRS. M. Miss Montgomery, what is this?

(*Takes up the book on her desk.*)

LOU. (*coming back for it*). Oh, my Englith!

MRS. M. And that? (*Points to the chair.*)

LOU. My green bag! (*Takes it up.*) Oh, ithn't it fearful!

MRS. M. I should say it was. You will misplace your head and Miss Maxwell will have that locked up if you aren't careful. (HAZEL *enters,* R.) Well, Miss Fiske?

[*Exit* LOU., C.

HAZEL. I have an invitation, Mrs. Mitford, and please may I accept it? I want to so very much.

(*Hands* MRS. M. *the invitation. She reads it.*)

MRS. M. (*looking up from the invitation*). Who is this young man?

HAZEL. A classmate of my brother's at Yale.

MRS. M. Your parents know him?

HAZEL. Oh, certainly. He has visited us.

MRS. M. And these people who are giving the party? Does your father know them?

HAZEL. Oh, no, we don't know them. The gentleman is Mr. Harris' uncle.

MRS. M. Are your parents in the habit of allowing you to accept invitations from young men?

HAZEL. Oh, yes, any one they know.

MRS. M. Well, now the situation is just this, Miss Fiske. I couldn't possibly permit you to go way out to Silver Lake unchaperoned. In fact I couldn't allow you to go anywhere unchaperoned, and this isn't an invitation where I could presume to send a teacher with you. Then again the invitation doesn't seem very important to me. If your parents knew these people and wished you to attend I might consider it. (*Hands her the invitation.*) I think under the circumstances you had better decline.

HAZEL (*very indignant*). But, Mrs. Mitford ——

MRS. M. (*taking up her mail*). We have discussed this sufficiently, I think. You may go. (HAZEL *exits*, C., *with her head in the air.* MRS. M. *makes some rapid notes on her letters and walks over to* CIND.) How are you getting along?

CIND. I don't know. Is this right? (*Shows her the index.*)

MRS. M. (*examining it*). Yes. You are doing famously. I thought you had a good head on a good pair of shoulders. Here are some letters to answer. I have made some notes as to what I wish said. Bring them to me to sign before you send them out. Take this to Miss Burke.

CIND. Right now?

MRS. M. Yes. I can't spend any more time here this afternoon. If any more girls wish to see me, tell them to wait until to-morrow if they possibly can. If it is really important they can come to me in Miss Maxwell's study.

(CIND. *exits*, R., *with a letter.* MRS. M. *takes some papers from her desk and exits*, C.)

Enter ENID NELSON, L.

ENID (*looking back from door and calling*). Mrs. Mitford isn't here, girls.

Enter AVIS COOK, LUCILE WOODBRIDGE, DOROTHY AMES *and* ETHEL ATKINS, L.

AVIS (*looking about as she enters*). She isn't?

DOR. Well, where in the world is Pauline?

PAUL. (*entering* R.). Right here.

ETHEL. Pauline, is your mother going with us?

PAUL. (*shortly*). No, she isn't!

ALL (*disappointed*). Oh, why?

PAUL. She says that she is too busy and that we will have to ask Miss Maxwell.

ENID. Perhaps she didn't care to go. We shouldn't have expected it of her.

PAUL. No, it isn't that. She said she appreciated the invitation and would have liked to go.

ETHEL. Can't you persuade her, Paul?

PAUL. (*decidedly*). I cannot. I have been foolish enough to get in wrong with mother and it will take me some time to get right. Girls, mother wants us to take Miss St. Eustis with us. She is a famous artist, you know, and, girls, do shine up to her. She might invite some of us to her studio to a tea or something. Don't you know, when she came out last year she invited some of the seniors out to her home. Wilifred Adams said it was the most heavenly place and they had the time of their lives.

ENID. Yes, I remember. She does famous girl pictures, doesn't she?

PAUL. Yes.

ETHEL. Girls, I feel positive that we are safe to-night.

AVIS. So do I. No one has the least idea where we are going.

DOR. You are the cleverest girl, Pauline!

PAUL. (*delighted*). You flatter me. The only thing that worries me is something to eat. You know way out there in the country and rather late in the season I don't know how well prepared they will be.

DOR. Oh, they will have something. I should think they would be prepared for auto parties.

ENID. Why not telephone out?

PAUL. Not I. I wouldn't dare to even whisper our destination over a telephone.

ETHEL. You had better not. Do you know what the sophomore president has been doing? Calling up all the hotels and cafés in the city to see if a party of girls has engaged a dining-room for to-night.

ALL (*greatly excited*). Really?

ETHEL. Yes, and what is more she found a room had been engaged at the Montclair, and she is going down there with five members of her class. Isn't that rich?

ALL. Rather! I should say so! The best ever!

Enter MRS. O'BRIEN, L.

MRS. O'B. I beg yez pardhon. I wuz afther thinkin' thet —thet ——

ENID (*coming to her rescue*). That Mrs. Mitford was here?

MRS. O'B. Shure! Jest thet!

PAUL. No, she isn't! She is very busy with Miss Maxwell. Oh, Mrs. O'Brien, a party of us girls are going out to Silver Lake in an auto to-night, and could we have something to eat to take with us?

ALL. Oh, could we?

MRS. O'B. Shure. What would yez want ter be afther takin'?

PAUL. Oh, I don't know. There are eight of us going. Put us up a good big box full. We may get plenty at the hotel, and we may not, and we don't want to starve by the wayside. You won't forget, will you?

MRS. O'B. Shure, I won't! I'll hev it ready for yez.

PAUL. And, Mrs. O'Brien, you won't tell any one, will you? This is a secret party.

MRS. O'B. Shure, an' doesn't the Missus know?

PAUL. Oh, yes, mother knows.

MRS. O'B. All roight, thin, mum's the word.

PAUL. Come on, girls. There's lots to do yet.

(*Girls exeunt*, R. CIND. *enters*, R.; *passes them.*)

MRS. O'B. And are yez goin' to their parthy to-night, darlin'?

CIND. What? Those seniors? Are they going to have a party?

MRS. O'B. Shure they is thet. Out ter Silver Lake in a ortymobile. An' why didn't they be afther axin' yez? Don't yez know thim?

CIND. No.

MRS. O'B. And why don't yez, thin?

CIND. Why, they are seniors, and it is usually quite a while before freshmen know seniors.

MRS. O'B. (*suspiciously*). Yer shure thet's the reason? If I wuz afther thinkin' thet it wuz becuz I wuz yez mother!

CIND. (*smiling and putting her arm around* MRS. O'B.). What would you do?

MRS. O'B. I—I—— (*Helplessly.*) I don't know.

CIND. (*laughing*). I guess you don't. Never fear, mother dear; with the exception of Mrs. Mitford's niece I don't believe a freshman knows one of those girls.

MRS. O'B. (*looking at her anxiously*). Shure an' is it happy yez are an' continted?

CIND. Of course I am! I never was so happy in my life.

MRS. O'B. Shure, it's broken-hearted I am entoirely at times.

CIND. Why, mother, aren't you glad that I am here?

MRS. O'B. Shure, an' yez knows it's that glad I am to hev yez, and yit I don't belave I oughter hed yer come. Shure, an' don't I wish I could do fer yez and yez never hev ter lift yez hand.

CIND. Mother, dear, haven't you been doing for me ever since I was a little girl? Working yourself to death to board me in a nice family and send me to school? And aren't you doing for me now? Just think what a chance this is for me to gain an education and be right in the house with you. We ought to be happy when we have been separated so long. After I graduate I can teach and we can have a little place of our own, and you won't ever have to work any more.

MRS. O'B. Shure, an' what did I iver do to deserve a daughter the loikes of you? An' yez shure it's happy yez are, and the girls think it's all roight fer yez ter be here?

CIND. Of course they do, and Mrs. Mitford is an angel. She has given me some lovely work to try, and if I can do it she will have one of the maids do the harder work.

MRS. O'B. (*delighted*). Shure an' yez can do it. I'll risk yez to turn yez hand to anythin'.

CIND. Mother, you are spoiling me! I didn't have time for dinner, and I have a lot more work to do. If I go down to the kitchen for a minute will you give me a bite?

MRS. O'B. No dinner, is it? Yez blissid young one, come along with me.

(*Exit*, L. CIND. *starts to follow.* MRS. M. *enters*, C. HAZEL *enters*, R., *and stands in the doorway unnoticed by* MRS. M.)

MRS. M. Miss O'Brien, will you find my daughter and tell her that Miss Maxwell seems to have even more to do than I have, and I think after all that I had better go with the seniors to-night.

(*She exits* C. CIND. *starts to exit*, L.)

HAZEL (*coming forward*). Miss O'Brien, is Mrs. Mitford going away to-night?

CIND. Yes, with the seniors.

HAZEL. They will be late in getting home, won't they?

CIND. I don't know, but I should imagine they would be pretty late.

(*Exit*, L. HAZEL *stands looking after her a second; then she looks cautiously out the door*, C., *right and left. Goes to telephone.*)

HAZEL. Fairview 24-w. Hello! Could I speak to Mr. William Harris? (*Pause.*) Hello! Mr. Harris? This is Hazel. Yes, I'm going with you but you will have to get me back here early. What time will you call for me? You can't call at all. I'm going on my own hook. What? I don't know whether it's safe or not. I guess if I can risk it you can. No, I don't dare to meet you around here. Can't you meet me out at Silver Lake somewhere? What? The Silver Lake House? All right. What? Why, I'll hire an auto to take me out. (*Impatiently.*) What in the world is the matter with you? Have you sprouted wings? I don't see why you invited me if you don't want me to go. Well, it's my risk and I guess you should worry. What? Yes—eight-thirty? All right. Good-bye.

Enter GEN., R., *followed by* EDNA, MARY SMITH, ESTHER BARNES *and* LOU.

GEN. (*to* HAZEL). Well, did you get your permit to go to the party?

HAZEL (*as she exits* C.). No, I didn't, and a lot I care!

Enter CIND., L.; *goes to desk.*

MARY. Say, girls, one of the juniors thinks she has discovered where the seniors are going, and the junior president is going to send her to try to steal the banner.

ESTHER. Oh, dear, why aren't we in it, too?

EDNA. Don't the freshmen ever send any one out?

ESTHER. I don't know. Do they, Gene?

GEN. I never heard that they did. I never thought about it. Do you suppose we could?

(*Girls begin to get excited.*)

EDNA. Oh, do you?

LOU. I gueth we couldn't thend any one until thum one dithcovers where the theniors are goin'.

CIND. (*looking up from her work*). Aren't Miss Mitford and Miss Ames on that committee?

ESTHER. Yes.

CIND. I know where they are going.

ALL (*rushing toward the desk*). You do? Where?

CIND. Out to ——

GEN. (*warningly*). Don't say it loud!

CIND. The Silver Lake House.

ALL. How do you know?

CIND. My mother told me, but I haven't the least idea how she happens to know. They are going out in an auto, and Mrs. Mitford is going to chaperone them.

EDNA. Oh, my goodness! My goodness! Do you believe any of us could get way out there?

ESTHER. Yes, I know how we could.

ALL. How?

ESTHER. The same way the seniors are going. In an auto. My brother has a car, and our home is right here in town, you know. If I call Billy up he will come over, or if he is busy tonight he would send his chauffeur. Billy is great to me.

GEN. I should say so. (*To* CIND.) Will you go?

CIND. Will I go? Why do you want me to go?

GEN. Why, you are the one to go. You discovered their meeting place.

CIND. What do I have to do?

GEN. Steal their banner and get it into my hands. Oh, could you do it? If you could you have lifted our class to heights of fame.

CIND. Mercy, I feel kind of shaky. I don't have to go alone, do I?

GEN. No, you can take five girls with you. Any that you want.

CIND. (*looking around at the girls*). There are just five of you here. Will you go?

ALL. Will we? Well, rather!

CIND. Are you sure it's all right for freshmen to go? Hadn't we better ask Mrs. Mitford?

GEN. Sure! Wait a minute. (*Goes to a speaking tube near the centre exit; rings a bell; listens.*) Miss Maxwell? May I speak to Mrs. Mitford, please? Oh, it's Genevieve. (*Pause.*) Aunt Amy? I just wanted to ask you if I have a right to send some freshmen into the senior meeting to-night? Yes, I'm president. All right. Thank you. (*Comes forward.*) She says that there has never been a freshman fresh enough to try it but that we have an equal chance with the other classes. (*Grabs* CIND. *around the waist.*) Oh, oh! Miss O'Brien!

CIND. You had better wait, Miss Nichols! I'm not there yet.

ALL. But you are going?

CIND. Yes, I'm going but they will be on the lookout, won't they? How in the world am I going to get in?

ESTHER. Oh, that's always the question!

CIND. (*thoughtfully*). I believe I know a way. What's the number of the Silver Lake House?

(*Goes to telephone.* MARY *grabs the book and looks up the number.*)

GEN. For goodness' sake, talk softly. (*Goes to door* C.) Watch the other doors, girls.

(LOU. *goes to door* L., *and* EDNA *to door* R.)

CIND. (*at telephone*). Fordham 271. (*Pause.*) Hello! May I speak to Stephen O'Brien, please? (*Pause.*) Hello! Uncle Steve? Yes, this is Cinderella. Say, I want to have a lark. Some seniors are going out to the hotel from here to-night. If I go out early will you let me wait on them, and not let them know who I am? Do you think you could manage it? And I want a room reserved for five girls who are going out with me and we don't want anything said about that. No, of course we are not going to stay over night. Just an hour or two. All right. Good-bye. (*To the girls.*) I happened to

think that my uncle is the chef out there so I guess we will be all right.

GEN. Oh, Miss O'Brien, you are a wonder!

EDNA. Is your name really Cinderella?

CIND. (*laughing*). Yes.

LOU. Oh, Mith O'Brien, do you thuppothe you can really thteal the banner?

CIND. That's what I am going for. Call up your brother, Miss Barnes. We want a good start. I must write these letters. Thank goodness there are only three. Does any one know anything about a card index?

EDNA. Yes, I do.

CIND. Put these cards in.

GEN. Goodness, what a whirlwind you are, Miss O'Brien!

CIND. (*writing rapidly*). And some one get me a little apron and a cap. (*Jumps up and slips her apron off.*) I guess this dress will do.

(*She wears a black dress trimmed with red.*)

GEN. I will get what you need. I can get you a wig too, I think. Pauline showed me the Dramatic Club things the other day. If the box isn't locked I can get some dandy things. Come with me, Louise.

(GEN. *and* LOU. *exeunt*, C. CIND. *and* EDNA *work at desk.* ESTHER *goes to telephone.* MARY *guards the doors.*)

ESTHER (*at telephone*). Fairview 24. Yes. (*Pause.*) Hello! Mamma? Yes, this is your darling child. Is Billy there? Yes, very important. (*Pause.*) Hello, Billy! Are you busy to-night? Will you do something for me? Take six of us girls out to the Silver Lake House in the car and bring us back again. Yes, every girl is exceedingly handsome. Just wait until you see Cinderella. No, this is no fairy story. Yes, we will have to stay out there a little while. No, Cinderella will be busy and she can't talk to you all the time. Well, we'll tell you what's doing on the way out. No, you mustn't come here. This is a secret affair. You come to—well, let's see—to the park and wait in front of the soldiers' monument. No, you aren't helping Cinderella to elope with any one. You stop jollying me and come right over. What? Mother wants to know if Mrs. Mitford knows what we are doing? Yes, she does. Everything is perfectly proper. Good-bye. (GEN.

and LOU. *enter,* C. GEN. *carries a small suit case.*) Everything is arranged. My brother will take us.

GEN. Good! We got a wig. (*Takes a wig of curls from the suit case.*) See how you will look in this.

(*Puts it on* CIND.'S *head.* CIND. *goes on writing and pays no attention to them.*)

MARY. Doesn't she look cute?

EDNA. Her own mother wouldn't know her!

(GEN. *puts the wig back into the suit case.*)

LOU. (*taking a pair of red slippers from the case and kneeling in front of* CIND.). Puth your foot outh here and thee if theth will fit. (*Takes off* CIND.'S *black shoe and puts a red one on.*) Thee if you can walk in thoth.

CIND. (*throwing down her pen*). There! Finished at last! (*Walks across the stage.*) Yes, these fit all right.

(GEN. *sits at desk and writes. Slips the paper into an envelope and seals it.*)

MARY. What are you doing, Gene?

GEN. I heard the sophomore president say that she had to write the names of the six girls on the committee and their destination and hand it in to Miss Maxwell. I suppose that is to prevent any girl who might be so inclined from taking advantage of the situation and spending the evening out. There! I believe we are ready at last! How do you feel, Miss O'Brien? Are you ready to fight for the cause?

CIND. (*laughing*). Yes, to the last drop, captain! (*Makes a dramatic gesture.*) For the honor and fame of our gallant freshmen!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Room in the Silver Lake House. Exits* R. *and* L. *Dining table in* C. *near the back of the room. Chairs. A coat-tree at* L. *a little in the background. A piano if possible near the front of stage at* R.

(*As the curtain rises* CIND. *stands in* C. *of stage. She wears the wig of curls, apron and cap.* GEN., MARY, ESTHER, LOU., *and* EDNA *stand around her putting the finishing touches to her costume. The girls' things are scattered about the room in every direction.*)

GEN. Oh, Miss O'Brien, you do look great!

MARY. Doesn't she?

EDNA. Just think of the fame you are bringing our class!

CIND. (*trying not to show how pleased she is*). You had better wait and see how things turn out!

GEN. No matter how they turn out, we are the first freshmen who ever tried to steal the senior banner. That's some fame! Another thing, you mark my words, we are the only ones who know that the seniors are coming here to-night. That's some more fame. It's no use, Miss O'Brien, the freshmen owe you a rising vote of thanks, all right.

CIND. Well, thank Miss Barnes for getting us out here. If it hadn't been for her and her brother ——

ALL. That's right! We do thank her.

GEN. Goodness, Miss Barnes, you've got the classiest brother! I had palpitation of the heart every time I looked at him.

MARY. Why, Gene Mitford!

GEN. Well, I did, and you were just as struck as I was, only you aren't honest enough to admit it.

ESTHER. Well, there wasn't any chance for any one with Cinderella along. I never saw Billy so gone. He could hardly manage the car and he told me he wished to heaven he was a prince.

CIND. (*very much confused*). Oh—girls, for pity's sake, don't talk so foolish!

LOU. Oh, dear! I'm tho exthited! I'm jeth thaking all over, and I have lotht thumthin. I had thumthin in my hand but I don't even remember whath I had.

CIND. What became of those red slippers?

EDNA. I don't know. Who had them?

GEN. I didn't! That's sure! (*Laughs.*) Who had Cinderella's slippers?

LOU. (*suddenly*). I didth. Thath's what I had in my hand.

ESTHER. Well, what did you do with them?

LOU. I haven't the leatht idea.

EDNA. My goodness, Louise, haven't you any head at all?

LOU. I don't theem to have. Ithn't it fearful?

MARY. Well, it certainly is. Did you have them in your hand when you came in here?

LOU. I'm noth thure. I think tho.

GEN. Oh, glory! Get busy, girls!

(*They hunt for the slippers.*)

ESTHER. Perhaps you left them in the auto.

MARY (*finding them*). No, she didn't! Here they are!

(*Gives them to* CIND., *who puts them on.*)

LOU. Well, I'm thankful. Girlths, you don't thee my thilver coin-purth, do you? I don't thee where I puth it.

GEN. Oh, good-night!

MARY. Miss Nichols!

GEN. Well, I don't care. Miss Montgomery's belongings are getting on my nerves.

LOU. Yeth, they do on mine. Ith thirtinly fearful.

MARY (*taking the purse from the table*). Here's your purse.

LOU. Oh, thank you.

ESTHER (*taking a handkerchief from one of the chairs*). And your handkerchief.

LOU. (*taking it*). Oh, my goodneth! (*In despair.*) Ith no uthe.

GEN. Girls, I hear an auto!

MARY. Oh, gracious, it may be the seniors!

ESTHER. Come on!

(*They gather up their things.*)

EDNA. Take Rilla's things!

LOU. Yeth! Thirtinly!

(*Takes* CIND.'S *boots and coat. All exeunt,* R.)

GEN. (*looking back from door*). Oh, do be careful, Miss O'Brien. Remember what is at stake!

(*There is a slight pause.* CIND. *tries to busy herself about the room.* HAZEL *enters,* L. *She wears an evening dress, a long cape and a lace cap. She is very nervous and glances about doubtfully.*)

HAZEL. Is this the reception-room?

CIND. No, this is a private dining-room. The reception-room is across the hall, on the other side. (*Indicates* R. *exit.*)

HAZEL. Well, it will be all right if I wait here a few minutes, won't it? Has any one been asking for me? My name is Fiske.

CIND. I don't know. I will inquire, if you like.

HAZEL. Yes, do so, please. [*Exit* CIND., L.

(GEN. *looks cautiously in at* R. *Looks very much surprised when she sees* HAZEL. *Enters.*)

GEN. Why, Miss Fiske, what are you doing way out here?

HAZEL (*indignantly*). Well, I think I might ask that question myself.

GEN. (*in surprise*). I didn't mean to offend you. Certainly you may ask and I will answer if you will promise not to give us away. Miss O'Brien of our class discovered that the senior committee is coming here to-night and ——

HAZEL. Coming here? Oh, heaven! Mrs. Mitford is coming with them!

GEN. Well, doesn't she know you are here?

HAZEL (*sharply*). No, she doesn't!

GEN. Miss Fiske, of course it isn't anything to me, but are you on your way to that party you spoke of?

HAZEL. Yes, I am, if you must know. Mr. Harris is to meet me here. The maid has gone to inquire if he has come.

GEN. (*thoughtfully*). Well, come over in the reception-room with me. The maid will let you know when he comes. You surely don't want to run into the senior party.

HAZEL. No, I don't. Thank you. You are very kind, I'm sure. [*They exeunt,* R.

Enter CIND., L. GEN. *reënters,* R.

GEN. Has a young man come for Miss Fiske?

CIND. No, not yet. Doesn't she belong in our class?

GEN. Yes, she does, and she is perfectly crazy. She has come way out here alone to meet a young man and go to a party when Aunt Amy told her she couldn't come. She will be sent home as sure as fate! I will hold onto her some way, and if he comes you send him away. We will have to get Miss Fiske out of this mess if we can, but you have to handle her with gloves. She is awfully touchy. I think perhaps you can do the most toward helping her because she didn't recognize you.

CIND. No, she didn't, and the seniors won't if she didn't, because they hardly know me by sight. I will do the best I can to get rid of Mr. Harris. You will stay fairly near, won't you? I may not have a chance to run far with the banner.

GEN. Oh, never fear. We'll be as near as we dare to be.

CIND. I hear another auto.

(*Goes to door at* L. *and listens.*)

GEN. Do you suppose they have come?

CIND. (*after a pause*). Yes, they have. I can hear Miss Mitford's voice. She is asking about supper. (*A bell rings.*) That's my bell to go down.

GEN. (*laughing*). Good-night!

(GEN. *exits,* R. CIND. *exits,* L. *Slight pause. She reënters followed by* MRS. M., MISS ST. EUSTIS, PAUL., AVIS, ENID, ETHEL, DOR. *and* LUCILE. *They wear evening dresses and wraps.*)

PAUL. (*looking about*). Oh, this room will do nicely. (*To* CIND.) About how long do you think it will be before we can have supper?

(MISS ST. E. *looks at* CIND. *with much interest, and* MRS. M. *regards her curiously.*)

CIND. I don't know exactly, but I don't believe it will take very long. I will take your things for you, and then I will ask when you can be served. Did you give an order?

PAUL. Yes. Let me help you, Miss St. Eustis.

LUCILE. And let me.

(*They assist* MISS ST. E. *with her things.*)

AVIS. And I will look after Mrs. Mitford.

MRS. M. Thank you.

(ETHEL *places a large box on one of the chairs. All remove their wraps, which* CIND. *hangs on the coat-tree. She exits,* L.)

ENID (*looking after her*). Did you ever see such a cute girl?

ALL. Never!

AVIS. She's perfectly dear.

MISS ST. E. She is more than that.

MRS. M. She reminds me of some one.

MISS ST. E. She has a face and a natural manner which make me want to pick her up and run away with her.

PAUL. Is it hard to pose, Miss St. Eustis?

MISS ST. E. Well, yes, very tiresome for those who can do it at all. There is seldom a girl who makes a good model. When you see one you are crazy to take immediate possession.

ETHEL. Oh, girls, isn't this the best ever?

ENID. Yes, but not so exciting as it might be. Just think, Mrs. Mitford, Pauline has been so clever that not a girl suspects we are here.

MRS. M. Are you sure of that?

DOR. Absolutely. The juniors have gone to the Ritz and the sophomores to Montclair's.

LUCILE (*with a gesture toward the box*). I guess we won't have any need of the lunch, Pauline.

MISS ST. E. Lunch? Did you bring a box of lunch?

ALL. Yes.

AVIS. You see, Pauline didn't dare to telephone out that we were coming, for we have had dozens of girls watching us all day.

PAUL. And I was afraid we might not be able to get a supper when we got here. And I wasn't taking any chances.

MISS ST. E. (*highly amused*). Mrs. Mitford, there is no place that I ever enjoy visiting as I do your school.

MRS. M. That's good news, I'm sure.

Enter CIND., L.

CIND. You will have to wait about half an hour for what you have ordered. Mr. Randall says there is a fine view from the tower, and as there is a moon he thinks you might enjoy going up there. He has gone up with the key to open up for you.

ALL. How lovely! Isn't that great!

MRS. M. Very kind of him, I'm sure. Shall we go right up?

CIND. Yes'm. Straight ahead, up the stairs.

[*They exeunt*, L.

(GEN. *comes to door*, R., *and looks in, then enters cautiously.*)

GEN. They have really come?

CIND. Yes, they are up in the tower.

GEN. Hazel Fiske is fit to be tied. Did the young man come for her?

CIND. Yes, and he has gone again. (EDNA, ESTHER, MARY *and* LOU. *enter*, R.) My goodness! If you girls are going to float around here this way, we will be pretty sure to be caught.

GEN. Yes, that's right! It's ridiculous! You have no right to come out here.

EDNA. Neither have you.

GEN. Well, I just wanted to know if the seniors had really come.

ESTHER. Well, don't you suppose we wanted to know, too?

LOU. They have! (*Looks at coat-tree.*) Thath Pauline Mithford's cape.

MARY (*walking about*). Where do you suppose the banner is?

CIND. I haven't the least idea.

GEN. (*impatiently*). We couldn't touch it now if we did know. Do go back, girls!

EDNA (*going to box on the chair*). What's this?

(*Lifts the cover.*)

MARY. A box of lunch!

ESTHER. Who said lunch? I'm starved!

LOU. Tho am I! Ith thumthin fearful!

MARY. Why in the world did they bring a lunch?

CIND. Perhaps they thought they couldn't get supper here.

MARY. Well, aren't they going to?

CIND. Yes.

EDNA. Then they don't need the lunch.

ESTHER. Just look at it all!

CIND. You should have a great respect for that box of lunch. I suspect that my mother put it up, and that is how she happened to know where the seniors were coming.

GEN. Pauline made all her arrangements so well I don't see how she ever came to mention the name of their meeting place even to your mother.

LOU. Thereth alwayth a weak thpot in every campaign.

EDNA. Well, the weakest spot in this one is my stomach. We will just relieve the seniors of their lunch.

(*Takes the box up.*)

ESTHER. Oh, this is like stealing candy from a kid.

CIND. (*alarmed*). Oh, do you think it's safe to do that?

EDNA. Sure! They'll never miss it until they come to go home.

ESTHER. Come on!

GEN. Yes, do go back!

(ESTHER, EDNA, MARY *and* LOU. *exeunt* R., *taking the box with them.*)

CIND. (*uneasily*). I don't believe they ought to have taken the lunch.

GEN. Oh, let them swallow box and all, if they will only stay out of here.

Enter HAZEL, R.

HAZEL (*to* CIND.). Hasn't Mr. Harris come yet?

CIND. (*innocently*). Why, are you still here? Yes, he came, but I didn't know what had become of you. I told him you were here but had gone. He wanted to know where, but of course I hadn't the least idea.

HAZEL. Stupidity! Why didn't you inquire for me? What am I going to do?

GEN. Why don't you go back to school? The quicker you go the better for you, I can tell you that.

HAZEL. I don't thank you for any advice, but as long as you are so exceedingly wise you might suggest a way for me to go back.

GEN. Why, how did you get out here?

HAZEL. In an auto I hired in Fairview. I told the chauffeur he needn't wait, for I knew Mr. Harris would take me back. Probably he has gone on to the party. I might be able to get him on the telephone.

GEN. (*decidedly*). I want you to listen to me, Miss Fiske. You have practically told me to mind my own business, but I

don't believe you know what you are getting yourself into. If you have always done as you pleased you will find that you can't do it here. The girls you are associating with now don't do the sort of thing you have done to-night. You took a terrible chance when you came out here, and if Aunt Amy finds it out she will send you home. Perhaps you don't care if she does, but if you do care you had better get back to Fairview as fast as you can.

HAZEL. But how can I get there?

GEN. Well, I think possibly we can manage to take you back with us. Come over in the other room with the girls and keep out of sight.

HAZEL. But you said the girls ——

GEN. Yes, the girls will probably despise you, but it's your only chance, and they will stand by you no matter what they think of you. If you care about our opinion you will have to find a way of making good. Are you coming?

HAZEL (*beginning to cry*). There doesn't seem to be anything else for me to do. You are the most disagreeable girl I ever met in my life.

GEN. Thanks.

CIND. (*from door at* L.). They're coming!

GEN. Come on! Quick! [*Exit*, R., *with* HAZEL.

Enter MRS. M., MISS ST. E., *and seniors*, L. CIND. *arranges the table for supper.*

MISS ST. E. Here's a piano. With so many young ladies I should think we might have music while we wait.

PAUL. Yes, every one plays and Doris sings.

DOR. And Pauline and Avis can do the very latest maxixe.

AVIS. And Enid recites.

ETHEL. That leaves me to do the playing. I can go first and have it over with.

(*She goes to the piano.*)

PAUL. (*going to the coat-tree and taking a banner from her coat*). Where shall I put the banner?

ENID. It doesn't make any difference. We are absolutely safe.

(PAUL. *places the banner in a conspicuous place. A varied programme may be introduced if desired. The last number a popular song in which all the girls join. During*

this song CIND. *steals the banner and exits* R. MRS. M. *is the only one who notices her.*)

MRS. M. (*at the conclusion of the song*). Girls, your banner is gone.

ALL (*in astonishment*). Gone?

PAUL. (*laughing*). You took it!

MRS. M. No, I'm not joking. Some girl stole your banner while you were singing.

ALL. Who?

MRS. M. I'm not sure that I know.

PAUL. Don't stand here and talk! Run!

(*They start for door*, L. AVIS *is the first to reach it.*)

AVIS. There they go! They are freshmen!

ALL. Freshmen?

AVIS (*outside*). Yes, that's Esther Barnes!

[*Exeunt girls*, L.

MISS ST. E. Oh, don't stay here! Let us follow and see the fun.

MRS. M. Very well. As you like. [*They exeunt*, L.

(MARY *and* LOU. *rush in* R.)

LOU. Oh, my goodneth! My goodneth! I'm jeth abouth dead!

MARY. Don't say a word! Isn't this awful? And we are all separated. Where do you suppose Gene is?

LOU. I'm thure I don't know. The latht I thaw of her she wath eatin' a ham thandwith and runnin' down the backth thtairs. Maybe she thoked to death. (*Looks out*, L.) Oh, Mith Mithford ith coming!

(*They rush to door*, R.)

MARY. And Miss Ames that way!

LOU. We're cauth!

MARY. Not by a good deal! Come!

(*They hide behind the coat-tree, the girls' things hiding them from view.* PAUL. *enters*, L. DOR. *enters*, R., *followed by* AVIS *and* ENID.)

PAUL. No luck?

AVIS. No! We've been way down-stairs, through the cor-

ridor and up on this side. The girl who had the banner had a light coat on. I thought I was going to get her, but she gave me the slip.

Enter Miss St. E., L., *with a red slipper in her hand.*

Miss St. E. Miss Mitford, find the owner of this slipper and you will have the girl who stole the banner. She lost it on the stairs and didn't dare to stop and pick it up.

Avis. Who does that belong to?

Enid. Isn't it pretty?

Paul. (*examining the slipper*). That came out of our Dramatic Club box! Well, the nerve of this year's freshmen! Come on! Don't stand here! For goodness' sake catch some one! There's probably six of them around.

[*Exeunt girls*, L., *followed by* Miss St. E.

Mary (*coming forward cautiously*). That was a close shave.

Lou. (*following her*). I never wath tho exthited in my life!

Enter Cind., R. *She wears a long light coat. She carries the banner and has lost a slipper.*

Cind. Thank heaven, you are here! Miss Montgomery, where are my boots?

Lou. Your booth? Goodneth! I don't know. Didth I have them?

Cind. Yes, I saw them in your hand, and I should have had sense enough to have taken them away from you.

Lou. Thath rigth, you should. I haven't the leath idea.

Cind. Well, I'll have to go with one slipper. It isn't safe to wait a minute. They'll have me and recapture their banner. Miss Nichols should have stayed near the door.

Mary. Well, you see we were eating lunch and we had no idea that you were going to capture the banner so early.

Enter Hazel, L.

Hazel. Oh, dear, I met Mrs. Mitford face to face. There's no getting out of this mess now. Oh, why did I ever come!

Mary (*from door*, L.). Here comes the seniors full force!

Lou. (*from door*, R.). And the girlths are comin' thith way. Oh, quickth! We're goin' to meeth!

(*Waves her hands to indicate the meeting.*)

CIND. (*quickly*). No, don't go. Stay where you are! (*Puts banner into* HAZEL'S *hand.*) Give this banner to Miss Nichols.

HAZEL. I don't understand.

CIND. Never mind. It will save you. Give it to Gene in full sight of the seniors.

(CIND. *takes refuge behind the coat-tree just as the seniors enter,* L., *followed by* MRS. M. *and* MISS ST. E., *who still carries the red slipper in her hand.*)

PAUL. (*rushing for* HAZEL). At last!

Enter GEN., EDNA *and* ESTHER, R.

HAZEL (*placing the banner in* GEN.'S *hand just as* PAUL. *reaches her*). Miss Nichols!

GEN. (*delighted as she grasps the banner*). Ours!

PAUL. Yes, yours! I give up! (*She tries to hide her disappointment.*) Gene, I congratulate you. You have accomplished what no other freshman class ever tried to do before. (*Turns to* HAZEL.) To you, Miss—er—— Who is this young lady, Gene?

GEN. (*who is looking about for* CIND., *answers impatiently*). Miss Fiske.

PAUL. To you, Miss Fiske, are all the honors. You have accomplished what no girl of any class has ever been able to do. Your class is greatly indebted to you. The juniors would think it was a pretty wonderful thing to enjoy the privileges of the seniors. I don't know how the freshmen can feel about it.

MISS ST. E. (*coming forward*). Miss Fiske, will you oblige me by trying on this slipper?

HAZEL (*in surprise*). Are you in earnest?

MISS ST. E. Yes, I am.

HAZEL. Is this one of the customs of the occasion? (*Tries the slipper.*) It doesn't fit. It is too small.

MISS ST. E. The young lady who captured the banner was wearing that shoe. You can all see that it is not Miss Fiske to whom you should accord the honors.

HAZEL (*to* PAUL.). Miss Mitford, that is true. I didn't steal the banner. Miss O'Brien captured it, and to her belong all the honors. I didn't have anything to do with this affair. She placed the banner in my hand and gave her chance to me

to save me. I came out here against your mother's orders to meet a young man and attend a party.

MRS. M. Why, Miss Fiske, is it possible that ——

GEN. (*breaking in*). Oh, Aunt Amy, it took lots of courage for Miss Fiske to own up to that. I told her if you knew that you would send her home, and we were trying to help her because she is really sorry that she came. Oh, please promise that you won't send her home.

MARY, EDNA, LOU., ESTHER (*together*). Please, Mrs. Mitford! Yes, do! Pleath do, Mrs. Mithford! Oh, please promise!

MRS. M. (*to* HAZEL). Do you want another chance?

HAZEL. Indeed I do!

MRS. M. Very well, we will talk about it to-morrow.

PAUL. (*to* GEN.). You say that—er—Miss O'Brien—captured the banner?

GEN. Yes, Cinderella O'Brien.

SENIORS. Where is she?

LOU. I think thee ith hanginth on the coath-tree.

GEN. (*pulling* CIND. *forward*). Come out here, Cinderella!

SENIORS. Our waitress?

GEN. Yes, she planned everything, serving and all. To her belongs all the credit.

PAUL. So this is Miss O'Brien.

MRS. M. (*gently removing* CIND.'S *wig*). No, this is Miss O'Brien.

MISS ST. E. And she has lost a slipper. (*Hands* CIND. *the slipper.*) I think you will find that this one fits. Mrs. Mitford, will you lend me this little girl for two or three afternoons every week, that is if I can make satisfactory arrangements with her?

MRS. M. I will be glad to if you will promise not to keep her. Miss O'Brien is very valuable to me.

MISS ST. E. (*to* CIND.). And some afternoon you can bring these freshmen out to the studio with you for supper.

PAUL. It's no use. You freshmen have landed on your feet. There is only one thing left that I can do. Will you all stay to supper with us?

GEN. (*coolly*). Well, we have already eaten your lunch ——

SENIORS (*looking toward the chair where the box was*). What?

GEN. But we can manage a little supper as well.

AVIS (*in despair*). We might as well give up!

CIND. And I will serve the supper just as we planned.

PAUL. Indeed you will not! You will sit at the head of the table in the place of honor. Believe me, we seniors know how to take defeat and we one and all doff our hats to "A Modern Cinderella."

(*She leads* CIND. *to the head of the table. The others follow as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN

New Plays for Female Characters

LUCIA'S LOVER

A Farce in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and graceful piece, light in character, but sympathetic and amusing. Six contrasted types of girls at boarding-school are shown in a novel story. Lots of fun, but very refined. Easy to produce and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended to young people as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing.

Price, 25 cents

A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Susie G. McGlone

Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

Price, 25 cents

HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs, in One Act

By O. W. Gleason

Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well-known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

Price, 15 cents

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

New Plays

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche

Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up-to-date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ELIJAH GOODING, *a village product.*
SETH HINES, *just as tired.*
ART WIMPEL, *chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.*
SAMUEL CRANE, *proprietor of the Occidental Hotel.*
STARR CLAY, *promoter of Jay I. C. Trolley Line.*
BART EATON, *factotum of the "Clarion."*
JOHN DREW IRVING, *advance agent and drummer.*
WILL SELLUM, *a traveling salesman.*
BILL, *a bell-boy.*
GEORGE, *another.*
DAVE CRANE, *the college chap.*
SALLIE CRANE, *in love with Art.*
MRS. JANE CRANE, *the mother.*
MADGE CLAY, *the girl.*
GERTIE FLYE, *the news stand girl.*
MRS. MORTIMER JONES-BROWN, *a progressive woman.*
MRS. HEZIAH JENKS, *of the Chester Culture Club.*
MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR, *secretary of Chester Culture Club.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Office of the Occidental Hotel.
ACT II.—Office of the Chester *Clarion*, six months later.
ACT III.—Office of the Occidental Hotel, eight months later.

A TELEGRAM FROM DAD

A Farce in One Act

By J. M. Taylor

Six males, one female; the latter can be played by a man. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A college farce, very swift and snappy. Recommended. *Price, 15 cents.*

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Farce in One Act

By D. M. Henderson

Three males, two females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays twenty minutes. A brisk and snappy little farce, easy and amusing. Suited for any use. *Price, 15 cents*

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 873 256 7

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

S. J. PARKHILL & CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON, U.S.A.